said neighbor was a girl, but as he hardly and twenty, and the heart, like a paper matrix, receives impressions easily and retains them indelibly—perhaps, then, it was not strange that this one tace should have become fixed in the mind of Jack Trent. He remembered now as if it were yesterday the one most charming day of his life—the strains of the violins, the glamour of the lamps, the impalpable, odor-laden atmosphere of the ball-room and the face that had passed before him then. The practical toiler of to-day was a tolerably care-free student with his life all before him who had come back to Virginia from the smoke-clouded dormitories of Heidelburg for a brief vacation. Dragged, much against his will, from communion with Goethe and Schiller he had accompanied a counsin to the Assembly ball at the old. Theatre in Richmond near by.

Sir Charles' to Miss What's-her name."

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cousin to the Assembly ball at the
old Theatre in Richmond near by.
The ball was fine enough in its
fashion; the women were pretty, the
men were not bad looking, but to one familiar with the gayeties of European student life it was, to say the least, somewhat
dull. He remembered that for the most
part he had passed the evening by a stand
of flowers entertaining himself in a dull
fashion by looking on. It was nearly
morning, when people were beginning to
get away from the dance, that the ball began for him. He had left the shade of the
flower-stand and was standing in the lobby
at the foot of the stairway leading to the
dress circle when a half dozen young people descending attracted his attention.
He gazed at them carelessly enough, wondering who they might be. They came
down slowly, laughing as they came.
When they reached the foot of the steps
a tall young man turned and bawled up
the stairs in a high-keyed voice:

"Madge, Madge, are you coming?"

"Presently," answered a sweet, low voice,
and then around the corner of the stairway came a girl in a low-necked, blue silk
dress, who smiled and nodded at the
group below.

Trent looked at her wonderingly, as she

until 18 semantered that for the most part he had peaced the everying by a disc of owner, and if however, but he can be also the every desired to be provided with a single of the provided his motion, and the provided his motion and the provided his motion, and the provided his motion and the provided his motion, and the provided his "Fresently," answered asweet, low voice, and then around the corner of the stair-way came a girl in a low-necked, blue silk dress, who smiled and nodded at the group below.

Trent looked at her wonderingly, as she leaned over for a moment on the balustrade. His eyes lingered upon her; he might not take them away, but he was unconscious as he was incapable of rudeness. She was, he thought, the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. She could not well have been older than sixteen or seventeen, for her figure was slender although charmingly developed, and her whole personality expressed the innoceance of maidenhood. Her face was one of those exquisite combinations of fairness and color that one rarely sees, except in tropical countries, and her eyes were dark and soft and looked on the scene below her with an expression of truthfulness and tenderness, intermingled with a certain timid curiesity. Her hair was coiled in a mass of spun bronze on her white neck, and her beautiful head was set upon an exquisitely-moulded bust. A great bunch of jacqueminots was at her breast, their fragrance perfuming the air about her. But her great charm was her manner, which was modesty itself. Trent thought as he looked up at her that she must have come from some State in the far South, for she seemed to breathet hes weetness of the wild roses of the Louistans forests.

Trent had noted these things mentally, and yet only a few seconds could have elapsed while she paused on the stair, for presently she came down, her left hand shding along the rail, her gown sweeping the steps. The young man who was looking at her saw that her eyes turned upon him and that she looked earnestly at him to she descended, and it gave him a strange, happy feeling. His happiness lasted but a little while, however, for when she reached the foot of the stairs the group of young people standing there with some impattence, frew her toward the outer door. Trent's eyes mechanically followed her, and then see went out into the with turned and gave him a long,

CHAPTER III.

truth, Jack, I asked her to come over, chiefly on your account."
"Then I'm in for it," said Jack, laughing outright at his mother's confession, "and I'll proceed to play the agreeable Sir Charles 'to Miss What's her name."
"I hope Bob Haneock won't come with her," said Mrs. Trent, with a reflective sight.

"I hope so, too," said Jack, positively;
"I never did like that fellow."
But Bob Hancock did come with her, for when, a half hour later, Jack came out of the hall door, he saw the burley figure of his pet aversion beside his mother, and a young woman, who was, he supposed, the new-comer."
"Thus is my son, Madge-Miss Willis."

day their steps turned that way as if by instinct.

One Wednesday afternoon they were standing where the path lost itself in the brambles at the foot of the hill. It had been a deliciously idle day, and they had come here partly to see the sunset and partly because there was nowhere else to go. The sun was setting now, purpling the hills above them and filling the waves of the turbid stream with strange flashes of red and gold. Nature was fast sinking into slumber, the sparrows were twittering "good-night," and the great bronze locusts in the oaks of Trent's Hill were droning lazily.

and he could form no hypothetical case that seemed even plausible. He often wished that he might have asked her the reason, but he felt that he had no right to do this, nor indeed opportunity, for the few hundred yards which separated the Hancecks' farm from Trent's Hill might as well have been the width of a continent. Trent was to learn the truth soon, however, and that from the lips of Madge herself.

In these days of hopelessness and doubt, Trent returned to the shade of the western porch, to the meerchaum and the piano, and dreamed again. His air-castles now were not beautiful villas on sun-crowned hills, fragrant with the odors of the tropies and thronged with merry troubadours; in their stead he reared gloomy keeps, topped with frowing battlements and grotesque turrets; he peopled them with spectre knights and ladies of the mist, and gave them for a surrounding landscape valleys of blackness and rivers of corruption. When he sat at the piano even his fingers seemed to be in touch with the prevailing tenor of his thoughts. His music was sad and was dominated by an undercurrent of tenderness. To Von Weber—that poet of Grief—he often turned. but his favorite studies now were "Faust" and "La Favorita." In the latter opera he found many airs that brought him joy, because they reminded him soneniy of his grief. But there was an simple ballad which came hearer to his heart than the harmonies of Von Weber or the middless to Giound and Domizotts—had houghts so well. Often this simple words which beloved, because it expresses abalthoughts so well. Often this simple words which heaved him—to be remembered; Yes, that was all he might hope to row. He had loved he one, helvode her still, he would love her forever—but it was all over before her highly and houked him—to be remembered; Yes, that was all the might hope to row. He had loved her one, helvode her still, he would love her forever—but at seasons the grace was superficient. The head of the his her had been here to he had been her her her her her her her her her

and for the honor of the family do what he could to keep that young gentleman from going to the dogs. But as Jack Trent was very much like other young men what pleased him most was what Madge said to him at the evening's close—"Jack, dear, I have loved you ever since I saw you at the Assembly ball."

This confession was accompanied by a maidenly and most becoming blush—as it should have been—and Jack in his happiness thought of the old couplet:

"O flame of love, so quick to kindle!"

"O flame of love, so quick to kindle! O love of woman, pure and true forever!"

Making a platform for a national campaign in a presidential election is a very different thing from constructing one for a State canvass only. We have a vast country; its interests are not only diversified, but largely diverse. Hence political parties have had often serious difficulty in harmonicing and recogniting these interests.

The Democrats of the South vindicated their support of Martin Van Buren by dubbing him "the northern man with southern principles," The Whigs suspected him before they did, and this was once expressed by the witty Johnson, of Hanover county, in a toast at a public dinner. He said, "The Northern Man with Southern Principles!"

this event was continued for several days and I very gladly accepted an invitation to attend. One of the principles which I heard openly avowed was this, that whatever changes might be allowed in other departments, constant care should be taken to have the chair of political economy filled by one who advocated the protection by the Federal Government of American manufactures. I had read Mathew Cary's works and I had heard John Sargent and other Pennsylvania orators, quite a number of them, at the celebration above referred to. Thus what we believe to be error was to be perpetuated as part of the education of the better class of Pennsylvanians. But very probably the appointing powers of many colleges take like care on the other side.

The Democratic party has not yet made any presidential platform for 1892, and it has been almost universally admitted that it is premature to discuss the question, Who shall then be the candidate of that party? Yet many of those who admit that such a discussion is untimely have entered into it and shown a disposition to choke off a certain distinguished gentleman because his views on one important subject are known, in favor of certain others, whose views are not known, and who may now even be tempted to trim and veer in order to secure the nomination.

The Democratic party have not yet authoritatively adopted the free-connage of silver as one of their tenets or issues, though public opinion in certain directions is tending strongly in its favor and its friends promise us enough benefits from its adoption for it to be espoused by all patriotic men. Discuss those benefits, but do not seek to kill off supposititions candidates by premature action. Moreover, it is also admitted that there are certain contingencies by which a good part of the controversy indulged in might be obviated and rendered useless. Why not have waited until those contingencies had been determined? The fault already committed cannot be wholly repaired; but more forbearance and better judgment may at least be show

"Break, Break, Break." BY JAMES WHITCOMB TENNYSON. I of en dream some thoughts
I can't say when awake;
But on your cold gray stones, O Sea!

The fisher's kid and gal
Do sartain take the cake.
The satior's old diay pipe hez dropped
To

break, break, break. The big ships sail ez smooth
Ez if upon a lake,
And little Suo—there, now, my voice
Will
break,

The days thet's went her gone,
They gave me the cold shake—
Gee whis! it seems er if my heart
Would
break,
break,

break.
-Charles Battell Loomis, in Puck.



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nillions of money.

Richmond, July 6, 1891.

News FERRY, Va., July 5, 1891.

To the Etilor of the Dispatch:
A communication in your weekly edition
July 3d gives an old anecdote so different
from the true version, that I cannot resist
the temptation to send you the correct
one, which I received from an old gentleman who died in this neighborhood about
fifteen years ago, and who knew all the
parties.
In the neighborhood of Brooklyn, this
county, lived a constable named John

In the neighborhood of Brooklyn, this county, lived a constable named John Ferrel, who frequently amused himself writing doggerel verses. In the same neighborhood lived a school-master named Teazel. On one occasion at a warrant trial at Brooklyn Teazel offered to treat the crowd if he would write his epitaph, which Ferrel agreed to do, and he commenced the epitaph thus:

There was a man who lived of late, For whom angels did impatient wai With outstretched arms and wiegs o To waft his soul to realms above."

Teazel was so much delighted that he called the whole crowd up for a treat, and repeated it several times. Finally Teazel becoming a little too full and quarrelsome

RUCKERSVILLE, Va.. July 5, 1891.
To the Editor of the Dispatch: To the Editor of the Dispatch:

The account given in your recent issue of an old epitaph for Mr. Teazel seems to be a rehash of the old story told on Mr. Keezel, of Keezeltown, Va. He kept a tayern in the days of tayerns at the place which bears his name. Late one evening a tramp (in those days not common) asked for supper, lodging, and breakfast, and as he had no money offered in hen of same to write his epitaph. This bargain was soon made, Mr. Keezel only asking payment in advance. After a few minutes' study the tramp produced as follows:

"Here lies a man who died of late

To bear him to the heavenly gate."

He really could not finish then, but would do so in the morning when his ideas were brighter.

These lines so pleased the host that he readily complied with his part of the contract, and only after breakinst, when the tramp was about to go did Mr. Keczel remind him that the epitaph, was not finished. The tramp asked pardon for being so remiss and again put on his thinking cap. "Let me see; let me see, where had we got?"

"Here lies a man who died of late

"So well, so good; let me see." "But—as—he—soared above—the earth,
To—view—the land—that—gave him birth,
Up jumped the devil like a weazel.
And down to hell he dragged old Keezel."

His Credentials. [Munsey's Weekly.] The Nice Nices: Do you think he is a real count, Uncle Dick?
The Awful Uncle: The evidence seems to be in that direction. He speaks bad English, gambles well, and borrows money from every one who will lend.

Overheard in a Chicago Car. "We ought to have something for the fair like the Eiffel Tower," said one young girl. "Yes; but entirely different," said the

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aration has no equal as a dressing, and is, therefore, indispensable to every well-furnished toilet.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for some time and it has worked wooders for me. I was troubled with dandruff and was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Vigor my head is perfectly clear of dandruff, the hair has ecased coming out, and I now have a good growth, of the same color as when I was a young woman. I can heartily recommend any one suffering from dandruff or loss of hair to use Ayer's Hair Vigor as a dressing." — Mrs. Lydia O. Moody, East Pittston, Me.

"Some time ago my wife's hair began to come out quite freely.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

not only prevented my wife from becoming baid, but it also caused an entirely new growth of hair. I am ready to certify to this statement before a justice of the peace."—
H. Hulsebus, Lewisburgh, Iowa.
"Some years ago, after a severe attack of brain fever, my hair all came out. I used such preparations for restoring it as my physicians ordered, but failed to produce a growth of hair. I then tried, successively, several articles recommended by druggists,

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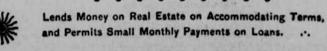
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